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If Lincoln's Plans Had Been Carried Out Sumter Would Have Been Saved

Heart's Desire

"God give you your heart's desire,
Whatever it be," she said;
Then down the gallery's shining length
Like a thing of light she sped.

Her face was a stranger's face;
Her name I shall never know;
But softly her benediction fell
As the night-winds breathing low.

Who knoweth the heart's desire?
Its innermost secret dream?
Its holiest shrine where the altar lights
Forever and ever gleam?

Who guesseth the heart's desire?
Ah, neither you nor I!
It hideth away in darkling space
From the gaze of the passer-by.

Who giveth the heart's desire
To the child that cries for the moon?
Or the samite robe and the Holy Grail
To the soul that was born too soon?

Who giveth the heart's desire
To the lover whose love lies dead?
Or the priest who faces the silence
With the living word unsaid?

Who giveth the heart's desire
To the poet with harp unstrung,
When he droppeth the trembling lyre
With his noblest song unsung?

Julia C. R. Dorr, in the July Scribner.

He had been President less than twenty-four hours when, on the morning of March 5, he learned the precarious situation at Fort Sumter, then not publicly known. He at once called on General Scott for reports and advice, and on March 12 Scott stated in writing: "It is, therefore, my opinion and advice that Major Anderson be instructed to evacuate the fort . . . and embark with his command for New York." Scott had served with distinction in the War of 1812, had conducted a brilliant campaign resulting in the capture of the City of Mexico, was now the senior officer in the army, and the highest military authority in the land. Lincoln instantly and wisely overruled him. For various reasons, stated in his message to Congress of July 14, "this could not be allowed." Lincoln's orders were exactly the opposite, to organize an expedition for the relief of Fort Sumter; and no one worked more loyally to carry them out than General Scott. A few days later it was a question of Fort Pickens in Florida. Scott recommended that it be evacuated. Lincoln sought other advice, reached his decision that Fort Pickens should be re-enforced, and sent this order to Scott on Sunday, March 31: "Tell him that I wish this thing done, and not to let it fail, unless he can show that I have refused him something he asked for as necessary." Scott, on receiving the order, said in his sententious manner, "Sir, the great Frederick used to say, 'When the King commands, all things are possible.' It shall be done." It was done; and this fort never passed out of possession of the United States. The expedition to Fort Sumter failed, but through no fault of Lincoln.

*From "Lincoln as Commander-in-Chief,"
by Major-General F. V. Greene, in the July
Scribner. 111.*

Lincoln's Great Patience

His mental processes were slow—though sure. And thought of personal insult never influenced him. On one occasion he went to McClellan's house and waited several hours to see him, only to have McClellan come in and go to bed without seeing the President at all. On another occasion, when McClellan failed to keep an appointment at the White House, and the others, who had come, expressed their impatience at McClellan's delay, Lincoln only remarked: "Never mind; I will hold McClellan's horse, if he will only bring us success."

Such patience, such tolerance, such sacrifice of self to anything that will help accomplish a supremely important result are the marks of a great soul, but not of a great soldier. His military perceptions were more accurate than those of any of his generals in independent command, except Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and possibly Thomas. But his self-effacement, his diffidence, his doubt whether the country would sustain him, if he peremptorily asserted his opinions against those of his professional military subordinates left the army with two heads or three heads or no head at all until the really efficient man was found in Grant.

From "Lincoln as Commander-in-Chief," by Major-General F. V. Greene, in the July Scribner.

Lincoln Was a Great Military Leader

As time goes on Lincoln's fame looms ever larger and larger. Great statesman, astute politician, clear thinker, classic writer, master of men, kindly, lovable man. These are his titles. To them must be added—military leader. Had he failed in that quality, the others would have been forgotten. Had peace been made on any terms but those of surrender of the insurgent forces and restoration of the Union, his career would have been a colossal failure and the Emancipation Proclamation a subject of ridicule. The prime essential was military success. Lincoln gained it. Judged in the retrospect of nearly half a century, with his every written word now in print and with all the facts of the period brought out and placed in proper perspective by the endless studies, discussions, and arguments of the intervening years, it becomes clear that first and last and at all times during his Presidency, in military affairs his was not only the guiding but the controlling hand.

From "Lincoln as Commander-in-Chief," by Major-General F. V. Greene, in the July Scribner.

When Lincoln First Met Grant

On the 20th of February, 1864, Congress passed an act reviving the grade of lieutenant-general in the army, and within a few days Grant was appointed and confirmed to this office. On March 10 he was "by Executive Order assigned to command the Armies of the United States." It is stated in Nicolay and Hay that Lincoln neither advocated nor opposed this legislation. The bill was introduced by E. B. Washburne, Member of Congress from the Galena district in Illinois, an old political friend of Lincoln and a great admirer of Grant. Just why Lincoln was neutral in the matter does not appear. An ungracious comment in Nicolay and Hay reads as follows: "Whether he was or was not the ablest of all our generals is a question which can never be decided. . . . Grant was, beyond all comparison, the most fortunate of American soldiers." There are no facts whatever to justify this depreciation. Grant owed his success solely to his clear-sighted appreciation of facts and to the tremendous energy and resourcefulness with which he carried his plans into effect—as Sheridan expresses it, to "the manifold resources of his well-balanced military mind."

Grant was ordered to Washington to receive his commission, and met Lincoln for the first time on March 8, 1864. Grant says in his "Memoirs" that both Stanton and Halleck cautioned him against giving the President his plans of campaign, because Lincoln was "so kind-hearted that some friend would be sure to get from him all he knew"—a piece of advice which, in view of Lincoln's discretion and Grant's reticence, seems quite superfluous. Grant's only comment is that the President did not ask him for his plans, nor did he communicate them to him—nor to Stanton or Halleck. Lincoln said to him that "all he wanted or ever had wanted was some one who would take the responsibility and act, and call on him for all the assistance needed," and he "pledged himself to use all the power of the government in rendering such assistance." In short, Lincoln believed that at last he had found the man competent to command the armies, and he promptly retired to the background, limiting his military activities to the still mighty task of giving Grant the full support of the government in every branch.

From "Lincoln as Commander-in-Chief," by Major-General F. V. Greene, in the July Scribner.

Capturing a School of Herring

The seine ready, tense silence followed. Over beyond the eastern hills it grew a little light. Jared, Eben's brother, who had come aboard our sloop, puffed his pipe and swore softly.

"Gosh, Eb, look at 'em playin'!—thick enough to git down an' walk on 'em every-whar ye look!" Tiny, almost undiscernible, ripples were all about us. The men had hurried into oil clothes. Now four tumbled into the seine boat. Two took oars. Jared and Eben stood aft by the big seine. The latter surveyed the water on all sides. The rowers awaited his signal.

"There they be t' starb'd—Holy Mackerel, what a school! Lay to it, boys, 'n' give her hell!" And things began to happen.

The seine boat leaped from the water under the powerful strokes of the oars; the keg buoy on one end of the net splashed overboard, followed by great armfuls of seine as Jared hove it out; a long curve of floats followed the foaming wake; then, the boat, after describing a broad, circular sweep, shot past the keg again. Eben pulled it aboard. Spreading out from the seine boat lay a wide circle of dipping floats. Then, peering curiously over the dark sky line at the unusual sight, came the rim of the harvest moon.

The school surrounded, the seiners jumped to "purse up" the net. It was quick work. Men hauled desperately and the bottom of the seine came together, catching the fish in a huge bag. Not until the gap was closed did the seiners draw breath.

"Guess we ketched all the herrin' in Black Cove," grunted Jared, wiping his wet face with a wetter hand. "Look out for them floats!"

Foiled at the bottom, the herring struck upward to the surface and drove at the floats in silver streaks of light. Here and there floats went under, and men in dories were busy holding them above water. Baffled above and below the fish made the water boil.

From "The Lobsterman's Island," by Sidney M. Chase, in the July Scribner.

A Day With the Lobster Fishermen

"Fast of the month law's off on lobsters, an' it's a sight t' see when all them sloops load solid o' lobster-pots, and start out to set 'em. 'F ye do," he went on, "I'll take ye out some mornin' an' let ye haul a few lobsters t' see how it's done."

It was not many days later, when, one morning, the crimson flush of sunrise found us out in True's double-ender, True standing at the oars, and me in the stern. It was a wonderful Indian Summer morning, with a long lazy ground swell that hardly splashed on the wet rocks along shore. Outside lay a sloop, her sails slack, while the "put-put" of her motor came faintly across to us.

"Them's my buoys," said True, as he deftly slid the boat alongside a red and white float and dropped it aboard. Catching the line attached to it, he hauled steadily until a dripping lobster-pot rose suddenly beside the boat. True swung it aboard, and two lobsters snapped for his hand as he flung the lath door open. He tossed them carelessly into the tub forward. "Cool weather makes 'em lively," he said. From the bait tub he took a net bag stuffed with herring, stuck it on the iron spear in the lobster-pot, and closed the door. Splash, it went overboard, line and buoy following.

"Lobsters climb int' the pot through that hole in the nettin' 't the end," explained True. "Eat the bait, 'n' then, bein' more'n common stupid, can't find the hole t' git out again." The method was simple, after all.

True said the lobster fishermen at the Island averaged to have one hundred and sixty traps each, and of these they hauled half every day.

From "The Lobsterman's Island," by Sidney M. Chase, in the July Scribner.

West Point Horsemanship Is Not All It Should Be

A question will here naturally arise as to the riding taught at West Point, enthusiastic descriptions of which fill the columns of the metropolitan press at commencement time; do not these young graduates know their horsemanship and are they not at once available to teach the recruits of their regiments? The answer is no. The same change which has affected the country at large and which has been briefly referred to has equally touched the Military Academy. When Sheridan, Grant, the Lees, and many equally good but less famous horsemen went to West Point they undoubtedly carried with them a considerable baggage of practical horsemanship; the riding at the Academy unified, polished, and applied to military ends this previous knowledge. At the present day, on the contrary, a cadet usually starts his riding-hall career with a complete ignorance of the horse, and the time allotted to riding at West Point is too small to enable his instructors to do more than teach him the mere rudiments of horsemanship. He does learn to stick on and to be, in most cases, a daring and vigorous rough-rider, but horseman he generally is not when he graduates, and at least a year of persistent work under the best teachers for four or five hours a day is needed before the average youngster is at all ready to act as a riding-master for recruits.

Another reason why West Point is no longer sufficient as a school of equitation lies in the fact that our standards of horsemanship are now higher than they were ten or fifteen years ago, and the complacent satisfaction which then existed with our methods has been succeeded by a fearless criticism of them and a frank comparison with the superior results obtained in other armies. This has been brought about by several causes, chief among which are the numerous visits of our officers to European countries having well-trained cavalry and highly developed schools of military equitation, and the arrival early in life to positions of high rank and influence of cavalry officers who themselves are vigorous horsemen, such as General Bell, our present chief of staff, General Garlington, our inspector-general and General Aleshire, our quarter-master-general.

From "The New Army School of Horsemanship," by Major T. Bentley Mott, U. S. A., in the July Scribner.

The New U. S. A. Mounted Service School at Fort Riley, Kan.

For the purposes of instruction one hundred and eighty horses are kept at the school. These are of various breeds and classes—jumpers, trained buckers, well-schooled horses, untrained colts, and polo ponies. A troop of the Tenth Cavalry, colored soldiers, furnishes the necessary grooms. It is found that these colored men make better grooms for the high-class school horses than do the average enlisted men of white regiments. They like their work and stay longer.

For the first two months the student is put on a thoroughly trained horse in order that he may comprehend what such a horse is and have a model to work up to. The trained animal also shows up faults of horsemanship, which the instructor and the rider can both take account of and gradually correct. During this time he also rides daily a well-trained jumper for the same reasons. This work is all done in the riding-hall, using the English saddle, mostly without stirrups, and changing horses each day.

It is of course to be understood that these officers are already fair riders. War Department orders direct that only officers of special aptitude be selected for Fort Riley, as it is a place, not where officers learn to ride, but rather where good riders are formed into accomplished horsemen and useful instructors.

At the end of two months each man is given a colt to train, and this may be said to constitute his most important work for the year; upon the results obtained his horsemanship is largely judged and his place in the class determined; but more important to the service at large is the fact that through this instruction a correct and uniform method of training remounts is assured to the whole army.

From "The New Army School of Horsemanship," by Major T. Bentley Mott, U. S. A., in the July Scribner.

In the Heart of the Dolomites

The little town of Cortina lies in a high valley in the heart of the Dolomites, with green meadows and pine woods all around it; a beautiful clear river pouring straight down from the glacier running through it, and mountains shutting it in on all sides. The small square, with the post-office and Municipio, looked most animated as we drove up. Diligences, carriages, post-carts painted yellow with the Austrian arms in black, were coming and going. People were crowding into the post-office (we, too, like all the rest), asking for telegrams and letters, places in the diligence, etc. It is hard to believe that we are still in Austria. The whole aspect of the place, the look of the people, the names of the streets and shops are Italian, and almost every one speaks Italian. We found neither letters nor telegrams at the Poste Restante; we drove on to our Hotel Miramonti, just outside the town. It stands high, with a pine wood at the back, and is just like all the hotels in the Tyrol—a square, white house, with wooden balconies on all sides. Our luggage had arrived—was standing at the door, and the proprietor and his wife were waiting to receive us. They were a handsome couple—very good specimens of the peasants of the Italian Tyrol. He, a tall broad-shouldered man, and she, a very pretty fair woman, dressed in Tyrolian costume. Their names are Romeo and Juliet. She alluded to her husband once or twice, while showing us our rooms, as “Romeo.” So I said, “You ought to be called Juliet.” To which she replied, with a blush and a giggle, that her name was Giulietta. They had kept us nice rooms—corner ones—at one end of the corridor, with good balconies. We brushed off a little dust, then went downstairs, had tea in the hall, and afterward sallied out for a walk in the pine woods behind the house. It was very warm and perfectly dry, so we sat down on the grassy slope of the hill and looked at the gorgeous panorama all around us. The mountains a soft gray as the afternoon light faded, and then a beautiful living pink in the last rays of the sunset.

From “In the Dolomites,” by Madame Waddington, in the July Scribner.

Titian's Birthplace

We interviewed the Padrone about going to Pieve di Cadore—a quaint little village, on the top of a hill, famous as Titian's birthplace, about two miles from Tai, by a very steep road. If it had been fine we should have walked there, but the road was transformed into a running stream, and it seemed wiser to take a carriage. A drive of fifteen minutes brought us to Pieve. The carriage stopped in the middle of the “Piazza Tiziano,” under Titian's statue, and the driver asked what we wanted to do. It had begun to rain again hard, but we scrambled out from under the dirty, smelly hood, and armed with umbrellas started for Titian's house, telling the driver to wait for us at the Hotel al Progresso. The village is small. Some rather large stone houses, which are dignified with the name of “palazzi.” Titian's house didn't say much to us. Two small, low, dark rooms. One can't imagine how the boy could have had any inspiration or visions of his splendid coloring in such surroundings—but one of the rooms, they told us, was his studio. However, he was taken to Venice, to study, when he was only ten years old, so it was only his first childish years that were spent in Pieve. Some people live in the house—a barber, I think. They showed us all over the rooms and said a great many people came to see them—principally English. We went on to the church—the oldest in Cadore. There were several interesting paintings—two by Titian—a Madonna and Saints—and others by members of his family, the Vecellios. There are still Vecellios in the village—one sees the name quite often. The butcher, cobbler, and grocer are all Vecellios. There is, of course, too, an Albergo and a Café Tiziano. All the pictures had the gorgeous coloring of Titian and the Venetian school of that time. The museum is next to the church, with various interesting relics of Titian. Some sketches and some letters written to him by great personages—also many of his own. He always remained in touch with his native place, and came back to it very often—wanted to come home to die when he was ninety-nine years old and the plague was raging in Venice. He tried to get away, but no one was allowed to leave the doomed city. He was seized with the dreadful malady and died practically alone, his servants having already succumbed to the plague. There must be a magnificent view from the terrace, but that we shall only know from postal-cards or descriptions.

From “In the Dolomites,” by Madame Waddington, in the July Scribner.

Canterbury Pilgrims in Old Puritan Gloucester

On the fourth of next August the seaport city of Gloucester, Mass., will hold an outdoor fête unique in the annals of New England. At night, overlooking the harbor from a natural amphitheatre seating fifteen thousand people, a combined masque and pageant of the fourteenth century will be performed.

The descendants of the Pilgrims of Gloucester will give welcome to the Pilgrims of Canterbury. For the first time in more than five hundred years, Chaucer himself will ride in pilgrimage—surrounded by the motley characters of his imagination—not in the vellum of William Morris, nor between the covers of a text-book, but on solid ground, under the stars. Moored within a few hundred yards, twentieth-century war-ships will blend their search-lights with the many-colored fires of the pageant. From across the bay—when the pealing of chimes gives cue from imaginary spires in the masque—the bells of Puritan steeples in the town will—for the first time in their history—ring for mass—at the ancient shrine of Becket! Among the thousands of spectators, as chief guest of honor, the President of the United States has accepted the city's invitation to be present.

In view of so unusual a celebration by a city so distinctively American, it seems worth while to consider the local significance of this pageant-masque, and to correlate it with some of the larger meanings of pageantry and drama for our time and country.

The first settlement of Gloucester was in 1623, at Stage Fort. There, in the same year, was erected the house of Roger Conant, first governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony—a quaint, gabled structure now no longer standing. In March of the present year, through the Gloucester Committee, the city authorities unanimously decided to take steps to reproduce this ancient landmark on the original site, as a permanent historic museum.

From "American Pageants and Their Promise," by Percy MacKaye, in the July Scribner.

A Famous French Château

Of the châteaux about Melun the most important historically as well as artistically is Vaux-le-Vicomte. While Louis XIV was still contenting himself with the comparative luxury of his palaces at St. Germain and Fontainebleau as they then existed, his chancellor, Fouquet, having carefully administered the affairs of state largely to his own profit, determined to build for himself a château that would eclipse anything his royal master then possessed. He appointed Le Vau his architect and Le Brun his artist-in-chief, and with their help perfected a magnificent set of plans which cost sixteen million francs (an enormous sum for those days) to complete. When Le Vau's work was finished, Le Brun's began. He assembled at Vaux a veritable army of artisans and artists, and established himself there with his wife like a grand seigneur in an entire apartment on the first floor. A tapestry factory was established nearby at Maincy, where the elaborate hangings for the rooms and for the furniture were woven.

Le Nôtre, then at the beginning of his career, was next called in to plan the gardens, and they were his first great opportunity. Posterity has united in saying that he made the most of it. Hundreds of workmen changed this barren plain to a garden of enchantment, replete with every device that Le Nôtre's imagination gave to the French school of landscape architects.

If we consider the amount of artistic effort expended in the construction and decoration of Vaux, in the architecture of its gardens and the making of its furnishings; if we stop to consider that Fouquet was a renowned collector of pictures, tapestries, statues and rare prints; that his numerous portraits were graven in steel by twenty different engravers; that he collected coins and had numerous medals struck for himself—we can understand why he was called the Mæcenas of his day and why he merited the title.

But alas, his "fool's paradise," as it was called, proved his undoing!

From "Unfrequented Châteaux near Fontainebleau," by Ernest C. Peixotto, in the July Scribner.

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